Family secrets

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Family secrets

by blackcrystaly

Summary

Sherlock is back among the living and trying to make his new relationship with John work. One day Mycroft call him to Whitehall to tell him that now he is back he should go to visit their oldest brother: Hannibal Lecter.

"“Hannibal?” The former soldier asked softly, frowning. He had never heard that name before and lately surprises hadn’t been so good. Exception made, of course, for Sherlock’s return. And for the first kiss they had shared and the first time they slept together. Well, maybe he wasn’t been fair.
“My oldest brother” The Consulting Detective explained at once.
The blond seemed surprised at the news, and looked at Mycroft as if looking for confirmation.
“Our parents adopted him a long time ago. He lives in the United States now, that’s why you haven’t met him yet.” The British Government explained quietly."

Notes

This is my first crossover ever, so I hope you enjoy it!
It's Hannilock...
As I always warn you, I'm not a native english speaker so please take that into account. If you spot any mistake let me know and I'll be more than glad to make corrections, just please be kind about it.
Not betaed, but I hope it will be.
As always I'll be coming back several times to make little changes over the next few days.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Sherlock was sitting comfortably on one of the chairs of Mycroft's private office in Whitehall. He was finally showing a well rested and almost happy face, which made the older Holmes smile subtly. The fact that John Watson was right at his side, not taking his eyes from the lanky body of his brother was the key to the change –for the best- in Sherlock. It had been that way since they met, all those years ago. Obviously, the blond still feared that the brunette would disappear again, for good this time, and that made him insist that no matter where the Consulting Detective would go he was going to be right there with him. And his little brother had found that he didn't have the least problem with that, particularly now that their relationship had moved forward and Miss Morstan was gone. It had been quite a shock for the doctor to find not only that his friend and flatmate was alive but that the woman who had charmed him and taken at least part of his pain away was a spy, an agent planted by their enemy. Somehow, there had been people who assumed that Sherlock wasn't dead and had been buying their time, waiting for the most sure to happen return.

It had been a nasty business, from beginning to end since the younger Holmes decided to sacrifice himself for those he clearly cared about. But it was finally over.

Mycroft studied the couple. They were still fighting to make things right between them. Sherlock was trying, really trying, to make up for the time he had pretended to be dead and worse yet hadn't contacted John. The former soldier was trying to trust his lover not to disappear into thin air again. For now, neither of them seemed to be ready to speak about it.

Their bodies were positioned closer to each other than ever before, and sometimes one would reach out to touch the other. It was a simple, reassuring gesture that they were together once more.

Another telling clue that things had changed between the two of them was the fact that Sherlock hadn't cracked even one joke about his brother's weight or sentimental situation. That was clear indication that he had finally told the good doctor about their agreement, letting him in on one of their well kept secrets.

"I think you should go to visit Hannibal, Sherlock" Mycroft said at last, after having served them a cup of tea and offered some sweet cookies to his guests.

The brunette nodded. His face showed guilt, remorse and somehow relief all at once. The older Holmes could tell that John had seen it too. For a man who wasn't as observant as him or his brother, Watson was an expert in deducing Sherlock's emotions and sometimes even his thoughts. Not that he advertise it, but they could tell. It was, no doubt, one of the things that had helped him survive the first few days at Baker Street and later what made Sherlock fall for him so hard.

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"My oldest brother" The Consulting Detective explained at once.

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Hannibal had gone to the States a couple of years after Mummy had named Mycroft as her successor in the office. It had been a relief for both men when she made the choice. They all knew that Hannibal was only staying out of loyalty to his adoptive parents, and Mycroft had been preparing to take the role from his early teens. Sherlock had made sure he wasn't even considered as a possible heir to the Whitehall chair.

He had been the perfect older brother for him and Sherlock but had somehow connected better with the youngest Holmes. Maybe it was because they shared more interests and had "the hunt" to help them bond. Mycroft had never truly enjoyed that particular activity and soon left them to it.

The first thing they had loved about their blond brother was his cooking. He spent lots of hour in the kitchen learning and experimenting to make delicious treats and food for them to try and enjoy. Mycroft had begun to gain weight because of that. Sherlock would sit right at his side and used whatever Hannibal left out to make experiments.

Of course, in a family like theirs, the oldest son's "secret" activities would soon be found out. Mummy and Dad had sat down with Hannibal and explained that he had to be more careful and then built him a cellar especially prepared to bring his prey to. They kept eating the delicious meals he would make from time to time. Not once needing to ask what was on their plates.

Sherlock had gone inside his brother's special room once, and he came out happier than Mycroft had ever seen him. From that moment on, Hannibal would go hunting and once he had finished harvesting what he would use from his prey Sherlock would come out to study and experiment on the remains of the body. They used to joke about Hannibal being the tiger and Sherlock the vulture. Eventually, they became partners in the hunt and even invited Mycroft to join in, but he didn't get the thrill they seemed to get from it.

Still, both men loved their well mannered brother, and all three were fiercely protective of one another. The red headed Holmes knew just how much when a college mate who had been

bullying him mysteriously disappeared and he was served a larger portion of meat during their family dinner. No one said a word and he ate every single bit with shining eyes.

He had once asked Hannibal how he chose who to hunt down, mostly out of curiosity but also wanting to have the most information he could to further protect his brother in the future. The man had explained that he only ate the rude, and that sometimes he could wait months or even years to collect so it couldn't be easily tracked back to him.

Sometimes Mycroft wondered about the blond relationship with Sherlock, since he was most impudent. At first he had been worried, right after his little talk with the blond. But then he had come to understand that for the other, the youngest Holmes wasn't rude. He was a cub, the little runt who could get away with murder, or in his case, rudeness. Sherlock was the only one in the family who truly shared Hannibal's passions and that put him on an entirely different plane from everyone else.

His older brother had become a pretty successful psychiatrist. It had worked perfectly for him, letting him meet lots of potential prey but also help people, gaining a well deserved fame. He was the one who suggested Sherlock going out into the world and make his own rules. Mycroft was still mad at him for that. He had tried so hard to protect their little brother by keeping him in the family manor where he could come and go as he pleased. He even gave the man his own laboratory. He could see the brunette's potential to become a world renowned chemist. Instead, he had followed Hannibal's siren song and had become a Consulting Detective!

He knew that sometimes they would still hunt together. And on some odd occasions they would hunt *for* him. A couple of his enemies had mysteriously disappeared after a nice, short call to one of his brothers. An unholy trinity they were.

Still, Mycroft knew they played a dangerous game. Hannibal and Sherlock had the most to lose since they led pretty public lives, and he risked losing his brothers, whom he cherished. So, when the blond told them he was going abroad he had nodded and smiled. He understood perfectly. The United States was bigger than dear old Britain, and would provide more space and prey for Hannibal. Also there was more chance that he would go undetected. Not that anyone had come close to finding him in their country, partially because the man was incredibly meticulous and careful in his activities, and partially because of the Holmes' influence. And Mycroft would make sure to protect the blond even on the other side of the Ocean. They were powerful enough to ensure he would never see the inside of a prison for long if he was ever captured.

Sherlock… well Sherlock hadn't taken it well at all. He had made quite a ruckus. Eventually, Hannibal took him to the cellar and by the time they emerged, almost a day later, the youngest one wasn't happy but had accepted the blond's departure.

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“Sherlock, is there any other Holmes brother I should know about?" John asked, his eyes shining dangerously.

“No” The younger one answered calmly.

“No there isn't or no I shouldn’t know about them?” He had been learning some of the subtleties the brothers liked to use.

“No, John, there are no more Holmes siblings out there.” Sherlock said seriously.

“Okay. Do you have to pretend you hate him, too?” It was obvious that the brunette wasn’t going to volunteer any information on the mysterious older brother, so John decided he was going to have to extract the information out of him.

“No” Sherlock said again, and looked at Mycroft who have a subtle nod to him. “Hannibal and I used to get along perfectly.” He said with a sad smile.

“Used to?” The former soldier asked worriedly.

“Sherlock, I think you should tell John about our brother, because he won’t understand any other way and he needs to know if he is joining the family.” The other Holmes said at last. If he wasn’t the perfect gentleman that he was, Mycroft would have been rolling his eyes and huffing in exasperation.

The brunette looked at his brother for a moment. What should he be telling John about Hannibal?

“He knows about you two” Mycroft provided.

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Mycroft only feared for his life once. Hannibal flew to England after Sherlock’s supposed death. He had come directly to see him with the coldest eyes and cruelest expression he had ever seen on their brother's face.

The first thing he told the psychiatrist was that it was all a ruse. Sherlock was alive and mostly safe. Then, once Hannibal was ready to really hear him out, they greeted and the red headed one explained the plan their youngest brother had come up with.

To say that the blond wasn’t happy was an understatement. He was livid. It took Mycroft several hours to convince the psychiatrist that it was for the best if he returned to the States and let Sherlock do what he needed to alone.

Still, Hannibal demanded to know who was the man important enough for the Consulting Detective to endanger his life. The British Government had complied and showed him the CCTV footage of Sherlock and John together, and of the former soldier mourning the brunette's passing.

Hannibal had studied the images for a long time before nodding. He approved of Watson. Still he wanted to meet the man. And he wanted to see his little brother again. They struck a deal: once Sherlock's name was cleared and he was alive once more Mycroft would be sure to send both men to visit him.

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"*What? You told him?*" Sherlock all but yelled.

"Do you have a problem with your brother knowing about us?" John asked in a deceptively soft manner.

Great! Sherlock thought, now he had two problems instead of one thanks to his meddling middle brother.

"Don't be an idiot, John, of course I don't have a problem! But Hannibal is… he is truly protective of us and… I'd have preferred to tell him myself." Sherlock explained looking directly into John's clear eyes.

"You might have done so, had you gone to the States while you were finishing with Moriarty's web." Mycroft said, still bothered by the fact that he had been the one who had had to face Hannibal's cold fury.

The brunette turned back to face his brother and could read there some of what had transpired between the other two.

"I'm sorry" He said, managing to look actually repentant. "I just wanted to come back to John as quickly as was possible"

That seemed to soften the doctor, who put his hand over the Detective's.

"You came back, Sherlock… that's all that matters right now" Even if he was still hurt, eve if there was a million things they had to talk about, to do, before they were able to really move forward.

The younger man gave the doctor a smile, but there was sadness in his grey eyes. He could tell that John hadn't forgiven him just yet. And he couldn't really blame the man. Sherlock had been so convinced he was making the right choice, the one that, intellectually analyzed, was better for all involved that he had forgotten that John was all about the feelings and emotions. Still, he wasn't giving up. They would make it right.

Mycroft felt like an intruder in the intimate moment the couple was having. But, he also felt grateful for the chance to study them. He was relieved to find that they were on the path to recovery. John was trying to forgive even if he would never forget and Sherlock… Sherlock was apologizing, trying to make amends and trusting John. He was sharing more of himself with him, and not only his body. They loved each other enough to be able to put the whole 'faking you were dead' thing past them.

Eventually, the older Holmes cleared his throat.

"I've purchased the air tickets and made hotel reservations for two days from now. You can make changes of course, but I've already told Hannibal about your arrival, so if you find yourselves unable to travel I'd appreciate *you* let him know, Sherlock." It was a low blow, he knew, but sometimes it was necessary to play dirty.

The brunette gave him a strange look. It wasn't quite hateful, nor was it grateful. Maybe it could be construed as relief, but also worry. Sherlock was apprehensive about Hannibal's reaction to his return to the living.

"He was worried sick about you, Sherlock." Mycroft said calmly.

"At least he knew Sherlock was alive" John provided resentfully.

"Mycroft didn't have a choice in the matter" the younger one said in a quiet, low voice "You'll understand when you meet him"

Those last words made Watson look back at his lover and smile despite the anger chewing at his soul.

"So, I guess we have to go home and start packing" he said, leaving the teacup aside and standing up before offering his hand to Sherlock. Not because the other needed help to get up, but to feel him alive and close.

The brunette took the offered hand without making a sound and got to his feet. They began to walk to the door but before they went left, the taller one turned around.

"Thank you, Mycroft" He said sincerely.

The older Holmes smiled in return, a weight lifted from his shoulder.

"You're welcome, Sherlock"

Once alone in his office, he speed dialed his older brother to let him know that the runt and his loved one were going overseas to visit him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It's a long flight to the United States...

The travel to the United States was uneventful to say the least. It was downright tedious and boring. Eventually John decided to entertain Sherlock by asking him to deduce the other passengers in the first class cabin and even the flight attendants. But he had to do so in low voice as not to bother everyone.

The doctor had, of course, gotten hard. He was always awed when the Consulting Detective worked his magic, and he always became hot and bothered when the man spoke in his soft, secretive, dark tone. Watson was half sure that he had only added the second one to elicit one of his most basic responses. For someone who considered the body just transport Sherlock was an incredibly sexual being, John had come to realize in the last few months.

“…and that woman, at the right window…”

Sherlock was violently interrupted by his lover taking his lips in a passionate kiss. He loved that John could be so daring, and that he didn’t hide their relationship. He had been a bit worried over that, since the blond had been so keen in shouting “I’m not gay” to whoever dared to suggest there was more than flat sharing between them several years ago. He should have trusted more in Watson.

*****

The first time they left 221B after becoming lovers and a couple John had kissed him right before they hailed a cab. On the first crime scene they were called to, after all the commotion of his coming back died down a little and Mary Morstan had been dealt with, the former soldier had smiled and winked at Greg. They had been friends almost from the beginning but become close during his mourning. The silver fox had laughed and congratulated them, which made all of the officers smile knowingly, some of them even breathed a “finally” and some money seemed to change hands subtly, though less than they had hoped since the Consulting Detective noticed. After a moment of exchanging greetings and giving Sherlock the little information they had on the case, he sent the man to work on the body and took John aside. The brunette hadn’t liked it one bit, but he knew better than to get in the middle, and there was a juicy murder waiting for him.

Whatever John and the Detective Inspector had to talk about had been sorted out in less than twenty minutes and the blond appeared at his side while the other stayed in the background. The case had proven to be interesting, but everyone else seemed to find both of them the focal point of attention.

Eventually, Sherlock had cracked the case and they ended up chasing the killer through the streets of London like old times. But now, right after they turned the man into the NSY custody they had returned home and had sex instead of their usual cup of tea or hot shower.

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John's hands entangled in the black curls of the detective, while his tongue played inside the wet, hot mouth of the man. He wished they were alone, but right then and there, they couldn't move past what they were doing.

Eventually, the couple broke up the kiss.

"We should have used Mycroft's plane…" Sherlock whispered, his voice laced with desire and utterly irritated at the knowledge that he would have to wait.

"Does he…? Of course he has one…" John said with a smile deciding that he would never quite get used to the Holmes' wealth. His pupils were still dilated, betraying his state of arousal.

Sherlock let his head rest on the blond's shoulder, while trying to calm his body. He had never had such problems before John Watson limped into his life! Still, he wouldn't change it for the world.

Since they still had several hours of nothing to do ahead of them, he decided to go into his Mind Palace. Meanwhile John decided he would watch one of those awful, stupid action movies he enjoyed so much.

The former army doctor watched at his lover close his eyes and knew he wasn't asleep but going into his own mind space. He had learnt that many people got scared when he did it with his eyes open and didn't want to cause undue stress to John. The blond let his arm surround the seemingly calm figure of the brunette with a smile on his face.

Since he had come back Sherlock had been trying hard not to enrage or make his life more difficult than it had to be. He knew it wouldn't last long, and truth be told sometimes he missed the dangerous and always surprising side of his detective. He had told the younger Holmes once already that he didn't want him to change, he just wanted Sherlock to never leave again, but he suspected that the brunette wasn't reassured just yet. Still, he wasn't

looking forward to the state of their kitchen when he finally snapped out of it and realized that John was in it for the duration.

He decided to use the quiet time granted to him to wonder about Hannibal Lecter.

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Watson was surprised when Sherlock told him that the man didn't use the Holmes surname.

"My parents adopted him when he was in his teens and he didn't want to change his name, they respected that. Once Mycroft was born it wasn't an issue anymore." The brunette had explained.

Apparently, according to what he could find in the internet and eventually managed to get out of his lover, the man they were going to visit was a psychiatrist who was quite famous in his field. He collaborated with the FBI sometimes, which made him smile.

"So your family can't stay away from police forces and the crime, uh?" He had asked only half jokingly.

Sherlock raised an eyebrow but didn't say a word.

"You're a Consulting Detective who finds it aggravating that people don't kill each other, or at least rob one another on a daily basis to keep your boredom away. Your brother is a psychiatrist who sometimes work as a consultant with the FBI. And Mycroft is about to start dating Greg…" He explained, knowing that Sherlock was still very wary of his friendship with the yarder.

The younger's one reaction was priceless

"*They what?!*" He asked honestly surprised.

John smiled, enjoying the fact that he, for once, had the upper hand.

"Your brother had been trying to woo Greg even before your 'death'…" he began to say, but even the mention of that time brought pain to his voice. Still he tried to recover quickly for both of their sakes "And when Greg was about to give in to his pursuit, *that* happened…" he wished he could keep his voice calm and matter-of-fact, but there was still so much hurt. It was so fresh even after three years "And he blamed Mycroft for not taking care of you. He thought that if he let something like that happen to the man he supposedly cared for above everything else, what would he let happen to him?"

Sherlock seemed taken aback by the news. He had never suspected how many lives he had afflicted with his decision. His brother had kept silent as promised even if that seemed to cost him the chance to finally win over the man he had fallen for. John could read the brunette's

feelings easily and he knew he was genuinely sorry, so he decided to cut the man some slack and give him a little peace of mind.

“That’s what we were talking about the other day. I told him that Mycroft wasn’t the bastard he seemed to be and that he had been taking care of you, me and him… even if he choose a rather lousy way of doing it. And for the record I’m still mad at the both of you for not telling me you were out there risking your neck without me and so is Greg.”

Sherlock had walked over to him and got down on his knees in front of John. He *actually knelt* at his feet. And while the former soldier was still silent with his surprise the man had done begun to speak.

“I’m really sorry, John” He had said in a repentant tone “I loved you too much and… *I didn’t think*…”

Those words proved to be magical, and healing. They surprised the former soldier, but also made something move inside of him. For Sherlock, who put his mind above anything else to confess he hadn’t been able to think… it made Watson feel special and cherished beyond what words could convey.

“Shhh… it'll be okay, I promise you, Sherlock” He whispered while his hand reached the nape of the other and brought him to his lips for a short, soft peck on the lips. Then he had finally brought the man to the sofa with him.

They remained silent for a moment.

“So Lestrade is… giving Mycroft a chance?” the Consulting Detective asked.

“Yeah. I suppose they decided take advantage of you being in another continent so you can't crash their date…” He said trying to bring back some humor that would break the odd atmosphere.

Sherlock laughed and John realized he missed hearing that sound. He had missed the other’s presence. He had missed *him*. All of it, the good, the bad and the ugly. With a quick movement he pushed the brunette backwards, until his back was against the seat with him on top, kissing him.

The brunette moaned into the kiss and gave himself over to John’s roaming hands. The man should have been an octopus in another life because suddenly he was everywhere: undressing Sherlock, caressing the naked skin that was revealed, pinching and marking his skin. John’s mouth was on the tempting neck, marking it, making sure everyone would know the perfect creature under his body was his. Then he moved down, to the pale chest, were he licked and bit to his heart content… and then, Sherlock took over.

He turned the man around, and took off the sweater and shirt he was wearing in between heated kisses. Then it was his turn to mark the still tanned skin, while his hands divested the other of his trousers and pants.

“Sherlock…” John moaned hungrily and the detective smiled.

He turned until he was facing the doctor’s hard, dripping cock and offered his own to his lover. It was the perfect position to give and take at the same time. Both of them got to work on the other’s flesh.

Eventually, Sherlock let his tongue go past the balls to the little puckered hole of his lover and soon a finger joined in to play with the sensitive skin while he went back to work on the blond’s hard on.

John moved his tongue around the flesh of his lover’s prick, and eventually took it inside his mouth. They were already in tune with each other, and soon, their orgasms overtook them.

Some minutes later, after they had recovered and cleaned themselves up, they were packing and John was, once more, asking about his new brother-in-law. But Sherlock was being incredibly secretive. It made the doctor wonder if there was something to be worried about. Briefly, before they went to sleep he wondered if he should call Mycroft and question him about it, but then he decided against it. He would meet the oldest Holmes brother first and form his own opinion of the man.

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“He isn’t exactly like Mycroft or me, but he’ll see through you, so it’s a good thing that he already knows about us,” Sherlock told him in a low voice, his eyes still closed.

John simply nodded, knowing that the man would sense the movement, being as he was so close to his body.

“Hannibal loves to cook. He would make the most delicious meals and desserts…” he kept on “I miss his homemade food.”

That little bit surprised the doctor.

“So I’ll have to ask him for the recipe book… I might not be as good as him but at least I can try to get some meat on your bones!” Watson whispered back.

Something of what he had said made Sherlock open his eyes and study him for a moment.

“My brother doesn’t share his cuisine secrets,” the detective countered with a dark, warning voice. It was obvious that he was asking John not to ask Hannibal about the cooking. “Though he loves to share his meals, so I’m sure you’ll taste his masterpieces sooner than later” he said in a completely different tone, it was a light comment.

“Sherlock…” he began to say, but then he realized it was not the time or the place to pressure the man so he dropped the matter for the time being. They were closer to their destination and the mystery would soon be over.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

John gets to taste his first meal at Hannibal's and he also gets jealous at Sherlock's love for the food he prepares.
Later that night the bell rings and Will comes in to see Hannibal.

Hannibal smiled at his younger brother and his lover when they came closer to where he had been waiting for them. It was obvious that both were tired and wanted to rest but he absolutely needed to make sure that Sherlock was alright after the stunt he had pulled on all of them.

Lecter gave a hug to the brunette, and felt comforted in his warm and smell. And then he realized that his baby brother's pure scent had changed. He frown worried until he got closer to the man that had come with him.

John H. Watson hadn't seem anything impressive on the CCTV cameras and neither did in person, but Hannibal knew just how deceiving appearances could be and he had seen what the unassuming man could and had done for Sherlock. Mycroft had told him of their first meeting and how he had saved their brother's life. That had gained Watson his eternal gratitude and, for as long as he didn't break his brother's heart, John would be a honored guest in his house.

The psychiatrist shook the other's blond hand before introducing himself.

"Hannibal Lecter, I'm Sherlock's older brother"

"John Watson, I'm his partner" boyfriend didn't sound right for men at their ages, after all.

The brunette all but shone when the former soldier acknowledged their relationship. It became obvious for Lecter that this man knew how to keep the detective happy.

Good, he already liked the unassuming doctor and didn't want to have to give him a one way tour to his kitchen.

"How was your flight?" The psychiatrist asked politely "I suppose you are hungry and tired, let's go to my house and so you can get settled."

Both men exchanged looks while Hannibal took some of the luggage they carried and guided them outside the airport.

"Sherlock, you didn't really thought I'd leave my brother and his partner be subjected to that awful hotel food, did you? My house is big enough for you two to have all the privacy you

might want.” He said calmly, while they got inside the man’s car.

John cleared his throat but couldn’t find anything to say to decline what wasn’t really an offer. And truth be told, he was just too used to the Holmes doing what they wanted without bothering to ask. Moreover, Sherlock had told him that he wanted to taste his brother’s food and if being in the man’s home would help to keep the detective well fed he was all for the change of plans. Also, he might be able to catch a few tricks of the man just by watching him cook. Contrary to what his lover seemed to think he did observe sometimes.

Hannibal and Watson managed to make some polite little talk during the first few minutes of the ride and then really get going when they found a couple of medicine issues both were really interested into. Sherlock just smiled and focus on the sight out of the window, still he kept attentive to the men exchange. He had been terrified at thought of this meeting, what if his brother didn’t like or approved of John? They were two of the most important people in his life, and he didn’t want to be forced to choose sides if they didn’t get along. Now it seemed that his fears had been baseless. *John Watson, Holmes’ charmer*.

Hannibal hadn’t been lying when he said that his house was big. The blond guided his guests to one of the hughest and more comfortable guest rooms so they could refresh and begin to unpack while he went to make them a “real meal”.

The way Sherlock licked his lip briefly, almost unconsciously, told Lecter that he had made the right choice when he told Mycroft that the couple would be staying with him. His poor brother had been starving himself! He would make sure to tell the older Holmes to establish a safe way for him to send some meat back home for Sherlock to consume. He wondered why he hadn’t kept hunting and let himself become such a pale-looking, thin man. That was a mystery for later, Hannibal decided while taking the ingredients he would use.

Both men appeared together not fifteen minutes after he had left them on the bedroom. The promise of fresh, tasty food seemed to take precedence over their sleep and maybe even some other desires they might have.

Hannibal smiled to himself, while he began to put on the table.

Watson was instantly at his side asking how he could help, while Sherlock focused on studying his place.

“Please, Doctor Watson, don’t bother yourself, you’re the guests after all.” The psychiatrist said almost humming.

“Call me John and it’s not a bother, really” he answered with a polite smile.

He definitely liked this man, Lecter decided while he told the blond where to find the glasses. He was soft spoken, gentle and well mannered. Watson was being pushed further and further away from the “to hunt and slay” list, not that he had been anywhere near the top of it.

Hannibal decided that would have to introduce John to William later. Both men would certainly understand each other, they were hurt warriors and, unless he was pretty much mistaken, natural empaths.

They sat down around the table quietly. Sherlock was still silent, but that didn't worried Hannibal, since he knew that his brother needed some time to process all the information he had been absorbing.

"This is really delicious, Doctor Lecter!" John exclaimed with awe in his features. He should have known better than to doubt Sherlock's word.

"Just Hannibal, please." He said dismissively "I'm glad you enjoy it, cooking is one of my most cherished activities."

The former soldier looked at his lover, who was sitting at their host's right, and directly in front of him and the sight he found was something to behold. Sherlock was not only eating but enjoying every little bite. John debated between mad jealousy and begging Hannibal to tell him how he did it, even with Sherlock not quite vocalized advice against it on his mind. He took another bite in silence his eyes never leaving his lover.

"I hope tomorrow I can show you around, I'm pretty sure you'll both enjoy it" The blond psychiatrist said softly, watching the couple with an ever present smile.

"I'm sure we will" John answered turning his eyes to their host since the Consulting Detective seemed to be dedicating all of his attention to the food.

Eventually, they finished eating and Sherlock seemed to come alive again.

"So, a couple of neurotics, a man bordering on psychosis, two misdiagnosed hysterical women, a sociopath, a man cheating on his wife with a couple of hookers, a women feeling guilty over her homosexuality and a short brunette man who is not quite a patient but you see a good deal of him…" He began to say smiling to his older brother "… not a lover yet but getting there… he has dissociation episodes and probably insomnia… and he works for the FBI, so I guess John was right. We Holmes can't stay away from cops and crimes."

"Sherlock how…?" Watson began to say almost forgetting where they were and then turning to watch at Hannibal, whose smile had become bigger. To John it had a dangerous edge, but he couldn't quite pinpoint why.

"It's a woman bordering on psychosis, not a man. And hysteria is still a valid diagnosis according to the DSM even if it had changed its name to Conversion Disorder… you were absolutely right about the rest of my patients. And William is not exactly a cop, Sherlock. He is a Special Agent working temporarily at the BAU and teacher at the FBI Academy. I think your partner is right about us, nonetheless."

It was the detective's turn to smile. Hannibal hadn't denied his interest in this man whose presence in his brother's life he had just deduced, and that spoke volumes of how smitten the

other was, even if he didn't really say it. Sherlock was glad, the older one deserved some happiness in his life and a mate who could understand and share his passions with.

The "working temporarily" bit let the brunette know that the clear eyed one didn't approve of that part of the man's work, and would make sure he changed venues the moment the blond could get him.

"I had been studying Hannibal's library, he has a particular way of arranging his books and professional journals when he is working with some type of cases." He began to explain to John "Also, I went into his study and there were several hairs that your cleaning service left behind." He said turning to their host before going back to his lover "The more predominant were a couple of brunette curled threads. I think it's because he came after the cleaning crew had finished with the study, probable yesterday late enough for you not to be able to clean the place again… so it has to be someone you are interested in, since I know my brother and he never let's anyone interrupt his dinner time unless it's an emergency" He kept deliberately changing from speaking to John to telling Hannibal about his deductions "Also, the way he paced from one side to the other is rather telling of the state he was in. And at some point you hold him against the ladder, so I know it wasn't just a patient but someone you want to…" he stop for a second trying to find the right word, and eventually he nodded to himself "claim".

"Amazing!" John said before he could stop himself, making the detective smile proudly.

"Well done, Sherlock" Hannibal said, it didn't escape his notice how much Watson's praise meant for the younger. "It's wonderful what a little homemade meal seem to do for you!" He added well humored.

"He is like that all of the time!" The former soldier said without thinking, the need to defend his lover's genius too big for him to resist "Sherlock is always deducing people's lives and he is so damn bright about it! He is almost never wrong!"

"I know, John." Hannibal said raising his hands in a pacifying gesture, he definitely approved of a man who would defend his little brother with such passion "I was only joking"

That made Watson blush a bright red.

"I'm sorry" he managed to stutter. Truth was, it had somehow bothered him that the blond's words seemed to imply that Sherlock only deduced that amazingly because of his food. Even if it was the best served meat he had tried in his whole life he wasn't letting the man take his lover's ability as a result of it. He might not be a chef as good as Hannibal Lecter, but he had made sure that the detective didn't pass out from hunger -most of the time-, and he had been deducing amazingly for all of that time!

Sherlock rolled his eyes and stood up. He made all the way to his partner and gave him a peck on the lips.

"Hannibal is my brother, John, there is no reason for you to feel jealous of him" He said calmly, making the other redden even more and look aside ashamed.

“Maybe, Sherlock, this is something you both need to talk about behind closed doors” the psychiatrist suggested amicably “also, doctor Watson” he called back while the brunette dragged the other to their bedroom “please, let me assure you that I’m not trying to steal Sherlock away from you, even if I’d like that he come to visit more…”

John nodded and let the detective guide him away.

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Hannibal just finished cleaning up the plates when he felt the ring at the front door. He was almost certain he knew who was beside it, but still made sure to look through the spy hole.

Graham was at the front door. He looked disheveled, his knuckles were red and angry suggesting there had been a fist fight not long ago and he seemed to be scared, which made the psychiatrist feel very worried. Still since he didn’t see any blood so Lecter decided they didn’t need to go to the hospital just yet.

“William, what happened?” Hannibal asked while letting him inside and gently guiding the brunette to the study since he didn’t really want to unleash Sherlock on the poor unsuspecting man. Even though he found unlikely that his brother would be able to leave the room until late the next day.

“I quit” The profiler said simply sitting down obediently at blond’s gesture.

It was a small mercy that the younger man had chosen to fix his gaze on the floor while he said it, because Hannibal didn’t really look forward to explaining his momentarily satisfied expression.

“That’s a really big decision, William, are you sure about it?” He asked in a professional yet friendly tone “Not that I don’t approve of it” Lected added quickly when he noticed the brunette’s pained expression.

“I gave him a chance, Hannibal!” Will almost yelled, hurt and anger clearly present on his voice “Even after he put me in jail and accused me of being the Chesapeake Ripper, I let him talk to me into going back…”

So, Uncle Jack had finally fallen from the pedestal where his mongoose had put him. It was delicious, the older one thought.

“And tonight…” He stood up violently and began to pace “…after he got me working almost thirty hours straight he dared to insinuate that he could use the whole thing against me if I didn’t work *harder… ‘maybe I should have another look at your old file, doctor Graham’…* it isn’t *my* file, it’s the Chesapeake Ripper’s file!” This time the young man howled.

Hannibal was really grateful for having the walls soundproofed.

“William, you need to calm down” Lecter told quietly, taking the man by the arms and gently leading him back to the sofa. Then he moved to a mostly well hidden niche in the wall and opened it, taking a glass and pouring some whisky in it, before going back and giving it to the younger man.

The brunette looked at him surprised.

“Doctor Lecter, I’d have never suspected…” He began to say with dry humor before taking the glass offered to him and gulping the content in one go. He almost chocked on it. Definitely Hannibal didn’t water down his drinks.

“Easy, easy, William” He said, patting the other’s back. “What you need right now is a good night of sleep.”

“Yeah, because it comes so easily to me…” The other answered in a cold, uncaring voice. Then he seemed to realize he was actually being rude to the man who was helping him and tried to make amends “I’m sorry, Hannibal. It’s not your fault… and since I’m not working with the FBI anymore it’s not even your problem any longer. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have come” Graham said standing up decided to leave and flag a cab to go back home.

Once more, the therapist stopped him.

“Please, William, you know I consider you more than just a patient.” He had said as much when he had helped to clear the man’s name. After he had made sure the other knew how much his dearest friends cared for him, of course. Slowly, Hannibal sat down at the brunette's his side and took him by the chin making eye contact with the troubled young man “And since you are no longer entrusted to my care, I don’t see any impediment to change our relationship.” With that he took the man in a brief kiss.

At first William stood there, frozen. But he didn’t reject the contact. It took him another moment before he joined into it.

Still, Hannibal kept it mostly innocent and short. Once they broke the lip-lock the psychiatrist stood up, bringing the former Special Agent with him.

“I think it’ll be better if we take things slow, my dear William, I wouldn’t like for you to think I’m taking advantage” He explained with a smile while moving them into the private part of his big house “Right now, as I said, you need to sleep. So, I suggest you use one of my spare bedrooms.”

The brunette seemed to be in a trance, but he hadn’t dissociated, so Hannibal kept moving them ahead. Once on the first floor he took William to the room right next to his.

“Here we are. I’m right at the other door, and my younger brother and his partner are in the one directly in front” He explained while opening the door and taking the green eyed one inside.

“I didn’t know you had any brothers…” He said curious, put then he thought that maybe he was intruding on Hannibal’s time with his family “If I’m bothering you…” Will began to say

but was promptly interrupted by the blond, who put two fingers over his lips.

“If your presence was a bother I wouldn’t have invited you to stay.”

Soon enough, the psychiatrist had Graham comfortably settled under the covers and was about to go when the man’s man stopped him.

“Please, would you stay with me… for a little while?” The profiler begged making room for Hannibal to settle with him on the bed.

Lecter smiled, and nodded, knowing that William was going to be a really spoilt mate.

“Of course” He said, laying right at the man’s side.

“Could you hug me?” The brunette asked in a very low voice “I heard that shared heat is a good way to help someone to sleep.”

Hannibal could tell there was absolutely no innuendo in his tone, the man was asking for nothing more than feeling another close. Once who wouldn’t be scared of the nightmares if the appeared nor would let him wander if he began to sleepwalk.

With a simple smile he stood up long enough to take off his jacket and shoes before complying with the other man’s request. He let William get comfortable in his arms, before he kissing his forehead and ordering him to go to sleep.

The brunette closed his eyes and a little while after he was soundly asleep. Hannibal smiled to himself before joining Graham in Morpheus’ realm.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It's the morning after, and four men meet at the breakfast table.

Sherlock was the first one to wake up, as usual. He never slept for long, sometimes he never did at all. There were just too many things to see, to analyze and to deduce. Still, he didn't make the least gesture to leave the bed.

He preferred to stay where he was, memorizing John's sleep patterns. The sounds he made, the way his chest raised and lowered. Even if Watson swore he wasn't leaving him, that they would make their relationship work, that there would come the day when everything was right between them and the Reichenbach episode didn't hurt anymore he feared that one day the doctor would be gone.

The younger Holmes hated the way the doctor had been able to move on after his supposed passing away. When he met Mary, the perfect woman who had enchanted John, he had been sorely tempted to call Hannibal and ask him to make her into seven dishes… for dogs. He had wanted to hunt her down and kill her. But he didn't, and eventually managed to show her for what she truly was, a liar and a criminal. Maybe Mycroft had been the one to ensure there was recovered some information from her computer that showed she was higher in the chain of command of their enemies group than originally suspected... maybe he was also the one behind her getting killed a couple of months after being declared guilty at the trail.

He knew that John could live without him but he wasn't sure if he could without his blogger. Wolves mate for life, after all.

Still, the fact that the man got jealous over him made Sherlock's heart have hope. They had a bitter quarrel the night before after Hannibal made one of his most innocent remarks about food. And he knew his brother was dying to make some of his most dark comments, those only they could laugh wholeheartedly about.

They had yelled at each other, and had make-up sex. John finally admitted that he was scared of Sherlock disappearing on him again, putting him through the agony he had *barely* survived the first time.

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“I almost killed myself, Sherlock! Did you ever think of that?! Never once occurred to you that you could come back to a tombstone right next to yours that read ‘John H. Watson, doctor, soldier, flatmate, friend and hopelessly in love with the insensitive son of a bitch lying at his side’?!!!!”

Those words were like a fist against his jaw. No, he had never even suspected that the other had been contemplating suicide. Instinctively he knew that Mycroft wouldn’t have let that happen, even if he had to institutionalize John, but still the fact that the man had thought of taking his own life because of his fake death... it made him feel a lump in his throat.

“I didn’t want to do it! He threatened to kill you if I didn’t jump!!!” He finally managed to reply “I hated leaving you behind, but I thought it was the best way to protect you!!! I never stopped thinking about you, missing you, wanting you at my side while I hunted them down!” He had only consumed one of his enemies, and that had been Moriarty. He deserved it; he had been the best of his opponents right to the end. The rest, they were disposed off without much thought. Maybe his brother had been able to transport them back home to replenish their family stock, but he had never asked. He had just wanted to come back. “And what do I find once I’m back home?! You have moved out and are about to get married to a woman who was a spy, a murderer and the associate of a blackmailer, also a murderer and a traitor!!!”

“What did you expect I did, Sherlock? *You-were-dead!!!* I mourned you for more than a year!!! *Mary was there for me!!!* She never once badmouthed you, she understood that she couldn’t never compete with your phantom and was still willing to take me!”

“*Because she had her own agenda, you idiot!*” The brunette howled, while pinning the man to the bed. It was animalistic rage thrumming through his veins.

“Thank you, Sherlock! That’s really what I needed to hear…” He said at least, successfully turning them around for barely a moment.

Even if he was the one who had military training, the Consulting Detective was certainly not defenseless, and sometimes he even had bursts of incredibly strength for such a lanky body.

“I don’t know what you need to hear, all right?! What do I have to say for us to be okay?!” The younger Holmes asked trying not to show his anguish and how out of his depths he felt.

“What about ‘I’m sorry, I’m a heartless bastard who should have told you sooner what was going on’?!” John answered in spite of himself. His words sounding harsh to his own ears.

“If I were heartless everything would have been easier… it would certainly be easier now” Sherlock said resentfully.

Watson breathed deeply, and tried to make his anger subside. They wouldn’t solve anything by going with the same old argument, even if this time they had actually managed to get some things out of their chests. So he finally forced himself to relax his body as much as he could.

“I *know* you aren’t heartless… I shouldn’t have said it… I’m sorry Sherlock” John said at last, meaning every word “It’s just that it’s not easy to just let go of all that time, but I’m really happy that you came back.” He said trying to keep a calmer tone of voice “Some days I wander if you are really here at all… because I never thought I’d ever get a chance to be with you like this, to call you my partner… given your little ‘married to my work’ warning you gave me before…”

Sherlock had eventually loosened his hold on the doctor, realizing that the man wasn’t about to flee.

“You were the cause of our mutually agreed divorce…” He replied with a little smile “You became more important than the work, John. I jumped for you, to protect your life… I even give up my hard gained fame for you…”

“And now you have both back!” John said with a barely there smile. He had seen lots of people around their crimes scenes trying to catch Sherlock working and deducing. It had eventually quieted down, it was true, but there had never been more people asking to consult with him than after his name was cleared. “I love you Sherlock, I promise you, we’ll be okay. I guess, I just need some time… I know I’ll let go of it.”

The brunette nodded, even if that wasn’t what he wanted to hear, and moved to give his mate a soft kiss. They needed this. To be close again, to reaffirm they were both alive and together. John responded in kind, and they were soon caressing each other. His lips closed around an erected nipple while his hand travelled down John’s body, his fingernails scratching the strong surface eliciting moans from the body besides him.

The blond kissed his neck and bite at his earlobe. Letting his pleasure filled sounds be heard.

“Just fuck me, Sherlock. I need to feel you inside of me…” John begged.

He always needed it like that after a Reichenbach fuelled quarrel. It was his way to make sure that the younger one was actually there, with him.

If he knew his brother, there should be lube somewhere close to them… he suspected the more probable place was under the pillow, and he was right.

One of Sherlock’s hands surrounded his partner’s prick while the other moved to prepare his lover.

In the background he could hear a ring, but he didn’t get overly concerned about it. It was probably his brother’s special man.

“Forget the foreplay! I need you now!” John ordered, but he knew that was one of the many things the other wouldn’t agree to.

“I won’t hurt you, John” He whispered softly but increased the pressure and used three fingers at once… they would be there soon enough.

“Please, Sherlock, just do it!!!” He asked restless, while the hand around his hard on stopped all ministration, making him whimper in protest.

“Soon, John… I promise…”

Some moments later he finally sheathed himself in his lover’s heat. John moaned loudly and tightened around Sherlock, relaxing slowly.

They began to move at a middle pace that gained speed quickly. The brunette began to pump the other’s erection once more, deciding the man had to come with him or even first. He loved to feel the way he would squeeze him while he had his orgasm.

They found their release and tension seemed to finally leave their bodies. They waited for their breathe and heart rate to normalize entangled together. Eventually got to the nearby bathroom to clean themselves and went to sleep with their arms around the other.

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A respectful, short knock on their door let Sherlock know that Hannibal was up. He extricated from the bed, and after some consideration decided that John needed to rest. Also, he wanted the chance to catch up with his brother.

He put on his blue robe and went to meet the blond in one of their favorite places in the world: a well stocked kitchen.

They hugged briefly. Hannibal scenting him once more while he observed and deduced that his brother had slept with this William he had mentioned the night before. They hadn’t had sex, though. So, something interesting had happened if the man not only showed up but stayed the night. He would make sure to ask about it later.

“You look better than I expected, Sherlock, but you need more meat around your bones… here take this” Hannibal said, opening the refrigerator to take several ingredients and cuts of meat. They always enjoyed cooking and eating together, and this seemed like a perfect moment for them to indulge in their old rituals… while their mates rested.

“John has tried almost everything to get me to eat more… but it just doesn’t taste the same...” He said softly “I think he will try to ask you about it, even though I warned him that you aren’t sharing your secrets.” It was a plea not to hurt the man when he did it, not to take it like anything but his lover trying to please and take care of him.

“Do you think he could understand, Sherlock?” Hannibal asked in the same tone.

“I think he is a natural born hunter… you should have seen him, Hannibal. The day we met he saved my life and laughed with me about the man being an awful cabbie…” He began to say his voice betraying his love and admiration for the man.

“I’m sure that he is, Sherlock, *but do you think he would be able to understand and share our preference*?”

“Why don’t you try me and see?” A voice answered at their backs.

The other men were startled by the fully clothed newcomer. They had apparently forgotten that John, thanks to his never forgotten training, rose early from bed, and they couldn’t know how long he had been hearing them.

“Hearing other people’s private conversations is rude, Doctor Watson” Hannibal said in a very aggravated manner and Sherlock looked at him worriedly.

“Also is speaking about people behind their backs, Doctor Lecter” he countered easily.

The psychiatrist smiled and the brunette knew everything would be alright. His brother liked Watson and wouldn’t make him a prey.

“You are right, of course, John, my apologies. I’ll prepare breakfast while you and Sherlock arrange the table?”

“Why don’t I help you?” The former soldier asked gently “I’d love to know what is needed to make Sherlock eat as he did yesterday.”

Hannibal studied him for a moment before nodding. Sherlock was nervous but didn’t say a word, comforting himself in the knowledge that his brother wasn’t going to hurt his lover and move out of the way carrying plates and cups… he had to give the men some time alone, also he preferred if John didn't find out that he could cook, he liked Watson doing it for him way too much for that.

By the time the Consulting Detective was back in the kitchen, John was taking care of the scrambled eggs while the psychiatrist explained to him how to cut the cold meat he had chosen to serve that day.

He was asking different questions about consistencies and what the brunette liked the most, making the younger Holmes fall in love with the former soldier all over again. Watson was risking his life once again, even if he didn’t know it, just to make sure Sherlock would eat more.

A moment later, another voice broke the calm that had established between the three men at the kitchen.

“Should I be jealous? You never tried to teach me to cook, Hannibal.”

The men turned around to see Will, who was still wearing the clothes of the day before, but had clearly taken a quick shower judging by his wet hair.

“Good morning, William. Let me introduce you to my brother, Sherlock and his partner John Watson. He is William Graham, he worked for the FBI.” The blond greeted the profiler with a big smile. The detective studied the man with professional trained eye, the past tense not lost to him. Finally, after reading the profiler like an open book, he decided that he liked the brunette and extended his hand to the man. John, meanwhile tried to prevent the eggs from burning. Eventually, the former soldier finally could take the food out of the fire and greeted the green eyed one, feeling an immediate sympathy for what seemed like a troubled young man.

“Should my brother call our family lawyer or there won’t be any charges pressed for trying to knock out your boss?” He asked finally, making John watch first at his lover in awe and then at the other sincerely worried. That was when he noticed Will's swollen knuckles.

“I could treat those for you" He said with a kind smile, pointing at the hurt hand "I’m an actual doctor, you know?” The former said with a smile walking closer to William, while Hannibal kept away observing his and his brother’s mate interact.

Graham got a little red on the face, but let the unknown man take his hand. He heard the blond ask their host for first aid supplies and to the one that had been introduced as his partner for some ice. He could tell that this man was strong and reliable. He wouldn’t hurt him. There was something about him that called to Will and made him trust the other implicitly. It made him feel calm.

The one called Sherlock, instead, was cold. The only thing Graham could really tell about him was how much he cared for the man currently attending his injuries. The brunette loved the silence he emanated, as much as he liked the calm feeling he could get from the doctor.

Eventually Watson dressed his hand and put an ice pack over it.

“Keep it there for at least a couple of hours, or it will get even more swollen” John indicated seriously

“Let’s eat some breakfast!” Hannibal finally called them all around the table.

This time, Sherlock left his former place at Lecter's side to William choosing to sit close to his lover. They had barely begun to enjoy the large meal when the profiler cell began to ring.

“Maybe you should call Restavrok” The younger Holmes said calmly to his brother.

Hannibal made a gesture to appease him, while they all waited for what Will would do.

The brunette looked at the caller ID and shook his head. He turned the phone off before leaving in over the table in front of him and turning back to his food without another word. It was time Jack Crawford learnt that he had crossed a line. He wasn’t coming back.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> They all had things to think about, and Sherlock can't help telling exactly what he deduces about William

The four men eat in silence, quietly enjoying the food but also meditating on the little troubles that were arising.

Hannibal knew that Crawford wouldn’t let go of William easily and we was seriously considering calling not to their lawyer -as his brother suggested- but Mycroft. He could make sure that the man was ordered not only to never get near his mate again but also kill his career with a simply phone call. Still, he knew that Graham had to make the choice of severing all of his ties with the older profiler on his own. Jack had made a gruesome mistake by bringing up Will brief incarceration but was it enough to make sure that the brunette wasn’t dragged again to the BAU, particularly since he was so prone to feeling guilty over the ones who were being murdered and would kept being so without his help?

Also, he considered John Watson’s inquisitive questions. He could see that Sherlock was right about this man being a hunter, but was he ready to leave the sheep mentality and join their little family? He had almost been tempted to confide which was the secret ingredient he used but had kept silent because he wasn’t sure if he could trust the man just yet with his and his brothers' secret and he really didn’t want to have to kill him. Not only because Sherlock loved him, but because he truly liked the man.

The doctor was quite damaged but in a different way than William, and maybe that was what made them understand each other so easily. Maybe later he would offer his services to the former soldier. He might just take the chance to vent the anger and the worry that were eating him inside and preventing the relationship with his brother from blossoming.

Sherlock studied Hannibal’s face and smiled. He felt calmer now he could tell that the blond actually liked John and wasn’t just putting on a front for his sake. The younger Holmes could see that the psychiatrist was worried about the one he had chosen and wondered if maybe he couldn’t help. He would ask Hannibal later, if they managed to get a quiet talk.

John was a another story altogether, the detective could tell that the man was still thinking about what secret they were hiding and wouldn’t rest until he knew. People tended to think that he was the one who never stopped until he got all of the answers, even when he didn’t like them, but Watson… he was just as greedy. Sherlock would have to decide if he was ready to risk everything sooner than he would have liked, which was never.

And for the younger brunette, he was mad and quietly fuming at the man who had called him. Holmes strongly suspected it was the boss he had punched the day before. He deduce that this man had been badly hurt for a long time and suspected that he was even more mentally unstable than he had first inferred, before they even met. The perfect challenge for Hannibal, and, he believed, the perfect mate once the former FBI agent could let go of whatever has holding him down and tying him up to the sheep.

John decided he would learnt to make food as delicious as the one he was having even if he had to parade around the kitchen every time the other blond stepped inside. There had to be something he was keeping back, because he had used the same ingredients that he had plenty of times before and his food never tasted quite like this. Moreover, the little talk he had heard between the brothers made clear that there was some secret tied to Hannibal's cook, but he couldn't for the life of him guess what it could be. What could be the Holmes brother's preference that needed to be kept under lock and key? He considered himself a pretty understanding man, so whatever it was he wanted to know. And he would make sure Sherlock got it every day even if he had to find a real, well paid job to ensure it.

William had never been around people who were so careful about guarding their emotions as Sherlock and Hannibal seemed to be. Somehow he could see the family resemblance in that respect, even if he didn't find it in anything else, but he knew better than to ask what could be constructed as a really rude questions. John was another story. Even in his rage at Crawford calling when he had told him he wasn't going back he could feel the man quiet nature reaching out and comforting him.

His mind went back to the night before, and he focused on Hannibal's heat close to his body, helping him to sleep. He had rarely been so well rested as that morning. Will felt he was actually able to hear his own thoughts without the background noise of his tired brain.

"I promised to show John and Sherlock around" Hannibal said eventually "Would you like to come with us, William?"

The young man looked at the psychiatrist surprised at being invited. Before answering his eyes unconsciously went back at the cell and when he realized what he was doing he gave it to Hannibal.

"Only if you promise to keep that away from me"

"But of course, my dear" The psychiatrist said with a big, wolfish smile taking the phone and concealing it inside one of his suit's inner pockets.

"For Christ sake, just put him on a leash, would you?" Sherlock blurted out.

William blushed since the idea was actually… appealing. John instead swatted his lover none too gently making the other three men look at him surprised while he whispered a "Sherlock!!!" under his breath. He had never been so violent in his disapproval but he had felt the need to protect the man he had just met not an hour ago.

"Bit not good?" The Consulting Detective asked confused since he had just commented on what was an obvious desire from both Hannibal and his brunette.

"*More like a lot not good!*" He admonished without raising his voice. Watson knew he would have to explain later to the mad genius that even if his brother liked that kind of thing, which was perfectly alright, by the way, he couldn't just advertise it like that.

"I'm sorry…" he said, speaking directly to William "He can't keep quiet sometimes"

"No, no, its fine… really, it's just… *fine*" The brunette said at last while the picture of him on his knees while Hannibal looked at him with a leash on his hand refused to leave his mind.

"See? He isn't bothered by it! *He likes the idea!*" Sherlock said triumphantly, making John close his eyes, and huff exasperated.

Graham opened his mouth, but no sound came out. He was in shock at the other boldness.

Hannibal put one of his hands over his sane one, and gave him a reassuring touch.

"It's okay William. We can talk about it later…" the blond said softly to which William nodded subtly. It was obvious that the brunette didn't really want to talk about it, but they needed to if they were going down that path, and both knew that.

"Don't sweat over it, Doctor Watson, my brother has always been like that" Hannibal said next trying to calm the distressed man "And Sherlock, dear, from now on I'd be eternally grateful if you keep your deductions about my bedroom to your good self, unless one of us asks you something, directly." His voice sounded calm and serious. While he didn't like to have his private life broadcasted he knew that Sherlock meant well. Also, he was a bit grateful that his brother had seemed able to spot such a kink on his beautiful mate. It opened a whole new windows of possibilities

The brunette nodded in understanding. Still, he didn't regret his actions. Those two needed a push in the right direction since the older one seemed to be treating the other with silk gloves which, admittedly, he needed but only if they came with some good quality leather straps. William needed direction, to feel owned, cared for. He would of course get an earful from John later, and would be sure to pretend he realized he had been wrong and promise he would be more careful in the future.

John nodded at his brother-in-law with delight. It was so good to find someone who truly understood Sherlock and could see that he didn't mean evil, he was just careless. Human pleasantries would never be his thing. Still, he wouldn't stop trying to make him understand that some things were meant to be just between two people.

Eventually Hannibal stood up, and they all began to move to help him clean the table and the plates they had used before finally going out.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Sherlock and Hannibal finally manage to finish their talk.
Jack Crawford shows up to try and lure William back into the BAU.

William, Hannibal, John and Sherlock returned to the psychiatrist house several hours after they departed. The profiler had asked if they could go to his place so he could make sure his dogs were fine and give them some food. They all knew that the man was coming back to Lecter's house.

*****

Sherlock had kept himself entertained by telling all that he could see at Will Graham house. Once he finished, John gave him a kiss and left him to go and play with the strays. Maybe have a quiet talk with the brunette his brother fancied. He knew that his lover sometimes liked to spend his time with normal, boring people. Not that he would ever call Graham that, particularly not anywhere near Hannibal.

He turned around to watch at his brother, who was studying their mates through a window.

“We never finished our talk this morning” Sherlock begun, clearly intending to do it then “Yes, I think he would understand… it will be difficult for him at first, of course but he will eventually join us in a hunt… if we ever call one again. I think the same goes for your William. He is a closet predator, that one.” Sherlock said softly.

The youngest Holmes really missed those days and nights they would spend together studying their prey, waiting for the perfect moment to strike it down, harvesting the organs and taking the flesh to be consumed later. Sometimes they brought the kill back home, to the secret cellar where Hannibal could work on a cleaner surface and he could study the dead body to his heart content.

Still, the idea of hunting with John and Hannibal, even with the profiler currently outside of the house it made him feel a warm he hadn’t feel in years. The blood was calling to him once more now that he had his brother finally close again.

He had let it go dormant as a way to show his disapproval of the blond leaving. He had refused to join his parents, and even Mycroft when he made the invitation -though he hated to hunt-. While he lived under the Holmes roof he had of course kept consuming the strong

flavored meat, but there wasn't the old happiness he always felt. He missed his brother way too much for it. And there was no cook like Hannibal.

"Yes he is." Hannibal told softly "Are you sure about John, Sherlock? Or it's just wishful thinking? Because you know what'll happen if it turns out he can't live with the knowledge."

The brunette didn't need to look at his brother's face to know exactly what he meant. Their secret was just too precious and had to be protected at all cost. Still, he trusted Watson and he knew that the man had deeper layers than everyone suspected, even a dark side he rarely let come out. He was a hunter, just like his parents and Hannibal, exactly like himself.

"Yes" he answered finally "I'm sure about John."

"Then we'll tell him. But not while you two are still struggling with your relationship, give him and yourself some time." The psychiatrist told softly

"We'll be okay" The detective said. Still his tone wasn't as sure as he would have liked.

"I'm sure of it. *That one is a keeper, Sherlock*. He won't let you go without a fight. But our secret might prove to be too much for him right now." He explained, at the same time giving his brother the reassurance he seemed to be looking for.

"I know… but he won't stop asking, Hannibal. He wants to know why I only enjoy *your* food so much… he wants to cook like that *for me*" The younger Holmes showed awe in his voice.

"He loves you. It's only natural he wants to take care of you." Hannibal commented "Let him ask, Sherlock. I won't get bothered by it, and when I think he is ready I'll let him know. We could take him to the cellar. He is a doctor, he'll give the place proper appreciation."

"You'll have to come back to England for that" He answered sharply.

"I think it would make William some good to leave the States for a while. It would keep him away from Jack Crawford and I could introduce him to Mycroft. I'm sure he would love to offer a new job to him in Whitehall, since he is a natural empath…"

Sherlock looked at his brother seriously. If he let the older Holmes offer his mate a new job in Britain it meant he was going back for good. Still, he didn't want to have his hopes up again.

"He is dating a Detective Inspector" Sherlock provided with a smile "Gregory Lestrade, do you remember him?"

"The one with the failing marriage, silver hair and worry in his eyes?" Hannibal asked with a smile.

"Yeah, that one." The brunette said promptly.

"I'm glad Mycroft finally made a move on the man!" Lecter exclaimed. He had noticed that their middle brother stopped trying to make Sherlock go back to their old house when he had first noticed the yarder and eventually "entrusted" him with taking care of the runt. Hannibal had liked the serious and caring man from the first time he had seen him with his youngest

brother, so he was actually happy at the idea of him joining the family "*It would be a hunt to remember*... when our mates are finally ready to join us" Hannibal mussed with a smile.

"*Yes*" Sherlock said at his side in a darker tone he used to, his tongue barely wetting his lips.

They were finally ready to go and pick up William and John. They wanted to be back before dark.

*****

Of course, Jack Crawford would not give up easily and he was waiting at Hannibal's front door. He seemed surprised to see a couple of unknown men with the psychiatrist and his profiler, but quickly dismissed them as he needed to focus on making sure William took back his resignation.

"Hello Doctor Lecter, Will… gentlemen" He began to say, greeting the group while waiting for the blond to open the door and invite him in, which the man did silently. Hannibal was the perfect gentleman always .

Still, the older profiler wondered where they had been since he had been calling Graham every half an hour during the whole day and the man had never picked up. It was obvious that the younger one was mad at him, but he had to make him understand that he had just made a mistake. He had been sleep deprived, and lashed out at the clear eyed. It had happened before, and they always managed to put it past them.

The other two, the ones he didn't pay attention to went inside the house right behind him, making Jack turn around to finally study them. The taller one seemed to be younger than the other, he came from old money one could tell, maybe one of Hannibal's old students? The shorter one seemed to be in his forties and Crawford could tell he had some military training. His presence struck him as odd. What could be psychiatrist relationship with such a common looking individual? He didn't seem to be a patient. So maybe he was the brunette's? It would make sense.

"I would like to talk with William, if you don't mind" He said when it was obvious that none of the present was moving to give his some privacy with the one he had come to talk to.

The men turned their gazes from him to the profiler, as if waiting for Graham to say something.

"I'm not going back, Jack." Will say at once, sounding deadly serious. One would have hoped that the BAU's chief realized he didn't want to see him when he didn't answer to any of the many calls the man had surely done to his cell. And the younger man couldn't believe that the other had gone as far as stalking him at Hannibal's house "I don't care what your

excuse is this time. *You don't fucking trust me.* You didn't when you jailed me and you don't do now… " He finished with a tone that interlaced hurt and anger.

Jack tried to touch the profiler's arm to calm him down and make him listen when a strong hand took him by the forearm and pushed him away from his special agent .

"You have no right to touch him"

It was the short blond who had spoken. And incredibly enough the hand closed over his forearm felt like an iron cuff.

"I'm William's boss…" He began to explain, realizing he didn't wanted to enrage the shorter one or make a scene in the psychiatrist house. He knew that Hannibal would never forgive something like that, and he didn't want to find himself being courteusly thrown out and told that he was expected never to return unless it was a purely professional visit. There had been some senior agents that had suffered such fate and hadn't boded well for their careers.

"*Former* boss" the tall brunette corrected him "He quit. And I suggest that unless you want to find yourself facing harassment and assault charges you leave now"

"John, Sherlock… it's alright" Will said softly, genuinely surprised at the men he barely knew quick defense of him, and he saw Hannibal dark gaze close by, it was obvious he would have intervened if they hadn't done it. "Jack, there is nothing for us to talk about, please just leave me. As you say before, no one is irreplaceable… I'm sure you'll find someone else soon enough. I'm done with the FBI." *I'm done with you*, went without being said.

"Take some paid vacations, and think things over, Will. We need you." Crawford tried to reason with the man, but it was obvious that he had to make a tactical retreat.

Hannibal was the one to see him out, while the other men stayed with the brunette.

Jack tried to ask the blond to intervene; it was obvious that Graham trusted him enough to take refuge in his house. Moreover, since that blasted frame up the profiler had suffered it was the one who carried more weight with him since he had been the only one to believe that Will was innocent and had worked overtime to prove it, eventually achieving his release.

"You can make him reconsider, Doctor Lecter. He is the only one who can put those monsters away and save their potential victims." He tried to plead his case once they were out of earshot.

"I'll respect William's decision, Jack." He said shaking his head softly "You should try doing it, too."

And that was it. He had lost his ally. But he wasn't beaten yet… and nursing his still hurt jaw he walked to his car.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

John has a long talk with Will about the Holmes brothers and Sherlock's fake death.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was really challeging!
I'll surely come back later to make so changes, meanwhile, here is it! Hope you enjoy it.
Also, since I can be trusted with WIPs, I'll try to finish this story today, let's hope the boys help me!

William looked at the two men who had jumped to his defense gratefully. He had almost never found people so willing to do that for him, not even his supposed friends had done it when it counted. Hannibal had been one of the few exceptions.

Part of him was a bit concerned because he knew Jack and he could make things difficult for all them, having the FBI's resources on his side. Then, he remembered what John had explained to him earlier on and felt a bit better.

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"We came to visit Hannibal because his brat of a brother faked his own death some years ago and, even if he knew what was happening the whole time, he still needed some reassurance, I suppose…" The man said with strange smile while playing with Winston. His dogs had loved the blond from the moment he came out of the house. Will had kept them on the backyard since he knew that Hannibal barely tolerated the strays, particularly when he was wearing expensive clothes -which was always-. Not that he ever complained, of course, but Graham could tell. "The Holmes brothers are very protective of one another… should have met Mycroft… Anyways, we'll be back in London in two days, and you'll have Hannibal all to yourself".

Watson's last sentence made him blush lightly. The idea of being alone with the psychiatrist was… nice, exciting and enticing. Maybe then they would be able to move forward in their new relationship, whichever it was.

The first part of what he had said, however, worried him. What kind of man simulates his own demise? None of the answers he could come up with were anywhere near law-abiding. He didn't want to ask John if they were consorting with a former felon or even a wanted one. Somehow, he thought, it would be… impolite. And more important yet, Will found he didn't really care. He felt comfortable around John and Sherlock, even after the whole "leash" incident at breakfast. Graham loved the way they seemed to calm his mind and there was, of course, the fact that the brunette was Lecter's little brother, so if he had to keep quiet about the younger man he would, decided. It wouldn't be the first time he kept another's secret after all.

Still, he hoped that Crawford didn't came looking for him before the couple was gone, he didn't really like the idea of endangering the men. And yet, the idea of the them leaving so soon saddened him. But, Will reflected for a moment, he couldn't really ask for them to remain in the States if what he suspected proved to be true, could he?

"Holmes?" The brunette asked suddenly, it had taken him a moment to notice the different name. Maybe things were even more complicated than he had first thought.

John looked at him for a moment before smiling.

"Sorry, I thought you knew… even though I only found out recently. Apparently Hannibal was adopted by the Holmes family but he wanted to keep his surname, that's why he still goes by Lecter."

That was a very logical explanation, and even if it could be potentially a lie, Watson didn't seem to be the kind of man who would put up with or tell them easily. He seemed too much of a good guy for that, and even if he was terribly aware of how many disguises people could put on without changing their attires his empathy wasn't picking any deceiving from the man.

"So I guess there is another brother I have yet to meet… Mycroft?"

"He is…" John began to say, but then seemed to change his idea "…something else. The man can deduce even better than Sherlock, but he has impeccable manners. He abhors physical action, though. And he likes to kidnap people, so be careful if you ever go to England…" He said well naturedly.

Those words worried William to no end. Was he marrying into the mob or whatever it was called overseas?! Somehow, part of his shock must have transmitted to his face, because soon the blond was explaining things better.

"No, no, sorry… I shouldn't have said it like that! You see, Mycroft is a politician, he holds a minor position in the British Government and if he knew you are dating one of his brothers he would probably send a car to pick you up and have a talk with you. It's his way to show his care."

Graham didn't know if he should feel relieved at the new information about what would probably be his family in law and its practices. But now, Sherlock faking his own death could mean that he had simply gone into something akin to the FBI's witness protection program and it made him breath a little easier.

"So, Mycroft is a politician and Hannibal a psychiatrist… what does your partner do for a living?" He asked, his curiosity becoming too big to resist anymore.

"*He is the only Consulting Detective in the world*" John said proudly.

"I never heard of such a position…" William told him quietly.

"Police agencies don't like to advertise that they need his help from time to time. He also takes some private cases as long as they pick his interest." John explained calmly. He had been surprised too the first time he heard about it too. His memory of that first cab ride still fresh on his mind, it was after all one of his most cherished ones.

"It sounds… fascinating" Graham confessed.

"Sherlock is unique; there won't ever be other like him…"

"You said he faked his own death?" *In for a penny, in for a pound*, William decided.

"Yeah, three years ago a man named Moriarty killed a bunch of people and strapped me to a semtex vest to call his attention… and then he forced Sherlock's hand. Once he was found out and exposed the bastard decided he wanted them to commit suicide and threatened several people's life to ensure Sherlock complied, including mine. Moriarty blowed up his head while Sherlock jumped from a roof and I had to watch his fall… the son of a bitch came back three years later as if nothing had happened…" Unconsciously John's hand had closed into a fist, and he seemed to be trembling in rage.

"Were you a couple then?" He asked softly, it was obvious that the man needed to get this out of his chest and he was glad to help.

"No… we were just flatmates, I'd even dare say we were friends. I know I loved him from the very beginning, I fall in love with him some time later… but he had already told me off. *'I consider myself married to my work'* he said" That answer certainly surprised the brunette but he just nodded "It was *after* his return that we became lovers… we have the devil of a fight and then right when things between us were becoming a bit better he found out that my fiancé at that time was among other things a spy. It wasn't a good time, for any of us."

"I'm sorry…" He offered courteously.

"It's fine. I suppose... I just wanted to finally be able to let go of him. I had mourned for more than a year when Mary appeared into my life… and I really fell for with her. But once he was back… even if I was furious, there was no way she could compete with *him*"

William could understand that feeling perfectly. He had been in love with Alana but when he met Doctor Lecter he knew that was over for him.

“You are still mad at him” The profiler said. It wasn’t a question. He could feel the man’s anger.

“*Wouldn’t you?*” Watson countered “But I love him, too. I’m trying to let go… it’s just that he was out there risking his life and never once thought of telling me the truth, letting me know he was alive!”

“Maybe he couldn’t” He offered suddenly.

“I know it… *in my head*. I was a soldier, you know? I know all about secret, cover and black operations, but tell that to my fear every time I woke up and he isn’t at my side in the bed… or when I come home and he isn’t there, not even a note or a text to let me know where he is… even if he has been really trying it’s not in his nature to think beyond the case he was between hands.”

The rage had slowly given space to something else, began to project too many things at once: resignation, love, anguish and even disappointment. Will knew that there was nothing he could say that would help the man, so he kept silent, giving him the time he needed to put himself together once more.

It wasn’t much later that Sherlock and Hannibal had come to pick them up to go home. Yet, he had asked them a moment to take a shower.

“You should also pack some clothes, since you’ll be staying with my brother for a while” the detective said calmly.

William looked at the psychiatrist, a question clearly written on his eyes. He didn’t want to be imposing. Moreover, since Hannibal had say they should move slowly Graham had been led to believe he wouldn't be sleeping at the comfortable bed in the other’s house for a while.

“Sherlock is right” Lecter said “it would probably be for the best”

Somehow, those words didn’t really sound promising. But it was a step to the right direction, he needed to believe. While he turned around to go take the shower he noticed that the brunette rolled his eyes and walked over to where the Lecter was. He whispered something into the blond’s ear and the man turned to see his brother. They seemed to speak with their eyes for a moment and at least the man nodded.

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Hannibal came back to the living room almost tasting his victory after Crawford’s impromptu visit. Maybe when Sherlock and John returned to London in the next days they wouldn’t be travelling alone. It was certainly a lot earlier that he had expected, but the sooner he got the brunette out of the FBI profiler’s immediate reach, the better. Because if their last encounter

was anything to go by, the man would certainly be making a pest of himself in his attempt to win back Graham and he wasn't going to allow it. William had made his choice; he had clearly told Jack he was done. Now there was no more reason for him to keep back and not claim the younger one.

Also, he had to consider Sherlock's whispered words back at his mate's house.

"You are going *too* slow, Hannibal. He needs to be reassured that you really want him in your life and in your bed… you should claim him already. I think John and I can manage to make dinner for all of us." Watson was definitely an extraordinary influence, the blond decided, if he had made his brother talk to him in such a low voice instead of announcing what he noticed to the whole world. Still, letting a person who wasn't family -yet- inside of his kitchen was a serious matter, he had turned to study his brother and the grey eyes reassured him that the couple wouldn't venture beyond his refrigerator and pantry.

The Consulting Detective smiled knowingly but kept silent, his gesture lost to the other men. Things were coming to a head quite nicely, moving even faster than they had anticipated. He would make sure to call Mycroft later and tell him he should be expecting guests at his house because there was no way the four of them would be able to accommodate at 221B. There was, of course, the odd chance that Hannibal preferred to go to Holmes Manor, but it was a remote one. They'd soon go there all together, once their mates were ready for a hunt. He was dying to show the place and its well concealed secrets to his partner..

Still, Sherlock suspected that their middle brother was well aware of everything that was happening with them. Mycroft might be the British Government, but he was also a hidden power in many other countries.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

It's time for Hannibal to claim William.

John was the first to notice that William had begun to dissociate. As an army doctor, he was used to the diverse ways in which stress manifested itself particularly on people who were already at their wit's end. He had been forced to learn soon how to deal with them in the front to prevent tragedies, be it death by “friendly fire” and/or “casualties”.

He went to the brunette and began talking very slowly to him. Making sure he knew he was safe and between friends. A moment later a hand closed on his shoulder, he follow the line of the arm to meet Hannibal’s worried but resolved expression.

“Let me, Doctor Watson”

The blond nodded and got out of the way. Graham needed Lecter, and he was better prepared to deal with his episode, in any case. Once he was back at his lover's side Sherlock nuzzled his neck for a second before they focused on the men at the sofa ready to help if was needed.

The couple watched fascinated as Hannibal slowly guided William back to reality. It became painfully obvious that he had already done it many times before, as the detective had previously stated. Eventually the psychiatrist asked the brunette where he was and what time it was, the standard questions to make sure he was conscious of his surroundings, John’s mind provided.

“I’m in Baltimore, in Hannibal Lecter’s house and now are…” He watched at his wrist watch for a second “eight thirty p.m.”

“Good” The blond said before kissing the man on the lips.

This time Graham didn’t froze, instead he put a hand at the man’s nape to pull him closer. He wasn’t letting Hannibal go as easily as he had done in the recent past. He let his tongue out to meet the other’s one in a passionate erotic fight.

John took his lover by the waist to lead him away from the room. He understood that the men needed some privacy.

The Consulting Detective resisted for a little while, trying to analyze where were the other two going from there and if he needed to be close enough to push them in the right direction should his brother not follow his advice. Finally, he decided that Hannibal had everything under control and let Watson take him away.

The doctor moved them to the kitchen, of course. Sherlock smiled to himself while sitting down and let the doctor search and investigate the place under the pretense of making dinner. As long as he kept away from the secret entrance to Hannibal's new version of their cellar, he would let the man look around to his heart content. Also, he was pretty sure John was trying to show his brother that he could be as good a cook as he was, even if his recipes were simpler. Sherlock decided to eat more than usual that night even if it was just to stop the idiotic competition John was more or less unconsciously having with Hannibal and since he would be using his favorite meat in the world it wouldn't be too much of a hassle…

//////////

Very slowly, Hannibal broke the contact with the profiler and studied him. His eyes shone brightly, the pupils were dilated and his breath had peaked. It was clear that the young one was aroused and this time he would give in to William's mating call. Without saying another word he took the brunette by the wrist he guided the man to the first floor.

Graham could only give a quick look at elegantly decorated master bedroom, because the moment the door was shut Hannibal was all over him, kissing his mouth once more like it was water to a thirsty man. Now he could feel the man's hunger, his desire washing all over him. It was patent that he had decided to drop the "slow" nonsense. All of his doubts and fear about not being wanted disappeared from his mind. Right now the only thing that mattered was Hannibal's body pressing against his own. William never realized that the psychiatrist was playing his empathy like a well tuned instrument.

The blond broke the contact once more and looked at his mate with dangerously shinning eyes. As his brother had indicated, the profiler didn't need time. He needed a mate who took care of him, and gave him the illusion of freedom. There was a reason why he wanted to wear a leash after all. He hadn't forgotten about it, of course. But this wasn't the time to bring up the issue. There would be time later for that particular talk.

With sure steps, in between passionate kisses, Hannibal led the brunette to his bed and pushed him softly against the mattress. He kissed Will's tempting lips one last time before moving down, to his unmarred neck. There he bit down hard enough to almost break the skin, from now on there would be no doubts that the brunette was owned by a very possessive lover. His action made the brunette howl, only a half pained sound. *My beautiful, masochistic mate.* Hannibal thought to himself. He would love to keep Graham collared and kneeling at his feet or tied up to their bed for hours, playing with his body and feeding his emotions…

right until it was time for a hunt, and then see him change into the hunter they all knew he was deep down.

With expert fingers, Lecter made short work of William's clean clothes before taking off his own and putting them aside, all the while looking at the perfect naked body, exposed to his wandering eyes.

"Now, my dear" Hannibal began to tell, when he returned to the bed and got atop of his pliant lover trapping Will's wrist with one hand and putting them over his head. "You'll leave them there until I tell you otherwise, and I'll have a taste of your lovely skin… are we clear?"

"Ye…Yesss" The brunette muttered charmed by Lecter's dark tone, his order sounded so sensual and yet commanding that he couldn't but try to obey it. He had never been harder than he was now. The blond seemed to have come out of his most forbidden fantasies.

"Soon my beautiful…" Hannibal he began to say, while he caressed the hot body under his with his tongue and imprinted his mate's smell "I'll put you on a leash…" he promised

Yes! William thought, that was exactly what he wanted and needed from Hannibal. He trusted the man to give him exactly what he desired even if would never be able to say it... Graham licked his lips hungrily.

"Hannibal… *please*?" He begged, uncertain of what to ask for.

"Not, yet my dear" The older one denied him effortlessly. He was taking his sweet time running his tongue over Will's chest. Kissing and torturing the erect nipples with his teeth, moving closer to his pelvis but never quite reaching it.

"*Pleeeeaseee*" The brunette moaned. He could feel the precum oozing out from his cock and he wished to feel Hannibal's mouth there.

"What do you want, William?" The other man asked leaving his task for a moment.

"Your mouth!!!" The man exclaimed at once

"You were having it… you should be more specific…" Hannibal loved Graham responses and he couldn't help himself but take the game a little further

"I want… I want you to blow me…" Will finally said, blushing furiously and turning his head aside.

"You only had to ask… this time" The tone alone sent shivers down the younger one spine. *There was going to be other times… and Hannibal would make him work for his rewards…* he liked the idea. He liked it a lot.

Hannibal took William's prick inside of his mouth, at last, letting his tongue join in the task of bringing his mate closer to his orgasm, enjoying the sound he could extract from his aroused partner. He knew it wouldn't take much for the brunette to come, and then he would be able to prepare and claim him with less pain for his mate since his body would be more relaxed.

The blond was right and moments later he tasted his chosen one for the very first time. It was certainly and unique flavor and he would enjoy it several more times during the months and years to come.

He let William recover for a while before going back to his lips and kissing him, sharing the aftertaste of his own seed against his tongue.

“Now, my beautiful… this will be easier if you turn around…” He explained with nice smile

“I want to see you… please, Hannibal?”

He considered the request for a moment, and nodded. Slowly the blond helped the other to open his legs for him to accommodate between them, and with sure fingers he began to tease the almost virgin guardian ring of his lover. Hannibal kept caressing the supple body, helping him to relax further enough for him to get a finger inside.

Patiently Lecter managed to accommodate three fingers before finally giving Will what he was begging for since he had been able to find his prostate with his index finger. He finally breached into his mate for the first time. He would do almost anything to feel back the perfect heat that involved him.

They moved rhythmically. And Hannibal finally let William move his hands to a more comfortable position around his body’s back. It took them some minutes to come and when they did the older man was pretty sure that his lover had been able to read how much he desired and wanted him. Maybe he had been able to catch even some of his dark side, but that didn’t overly concern him. After tonight, he knew that the profiler would be scared but thrill in it.

He watched as William got back from his second orgasm with a satisfied smile on his face and shining eyes.

“You… It was… amazing… how could you… send those feelings to me…? It made everything so much *better*…” He tried to explain while snuggling closer to Hannibal but his brain refused to help him make sense, so he would have to rest now and try to talk about it later... much later.

The psychiatrist decided that they could wait a little to get cleaned. While they recovered he decided that the next day he would speak to his mate about leaving the country. Mycroft’s minions could pack and send him everything he wanted to keep from his old house, the dogs included.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

John, Sherlock, Will and Hannibal arrive at England where Mycroft and Lestrade are waiting for them

Chapter Notes

So, here it is... the last chapter of this story.

I feel the need to make a little change on this one, since I wasn't quite happy with a little part, but I think that from now on there would be only minimal changes...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The four men stepped down from the private jet that had flight overseas only to fetch them. Mycroft had decided he wasn't taking any chance with Crawford trying to stop Will's or Hannibal's boarding if he got hold of their plans to travel abroad for a good long time.

The older Holmes was patiently waiting for them in especially reserved spot outside of the airport, his back against the door of the big black car he had chosen, the umbrella resting hooked on one of his arms, and Gregory Lestrade at his side smiling and shaking his head to his own thoughts.

He had finally got the man after restlessly pursuing him for several years and wasn't letting him out of his side for a while... unless work called for him, and even then there would be more cameras and secret service agents assigned to follow him. Especially since the Detective Inspector had flat out refused to move out to his house arguing that was going a little too fast for him. And yet, he had sex with him at their first date whispering to Mycroft that they had wasted enough time already and he wanted to feel him against his body.

"I can't believe you have another brother out there and just told me fifteen minutes ago! What's it with you Holmes that have to play everything so close to the heart?!" Gregory protested softly but there was no real anger in his voice.

Mycroft looked at his lover for a moment.

“We all three live dangerous lives” The red head said simply in a quiet voice.

“You are the politician, Sherlock is a detective and what’s Hannibal, a crime lord?” The silver fox asked with a smile, but he wouldn’t be surprised if it turned out that the unknown man was actually one.

“He is a psychiatrist and was consultant to the FBI” Mycroft answered simply.

Greg studied the man, trying to decide if he was being told the truth. But, as always the man’s face didn’t betray a single thing. He would have to ask John later.

“Gregory, I’ve already come clean to you as to my actual position in our Government, why would I lie about my brother’s profession?” The younger one asked a little bothered by his mate’s lack of trust in him. First Lestrade had thought him a bastard of the first degree who would let his own brother commit suicide while being publicly disgraced and now he was a liar!

The shorter man made a pacifying gesture before giving the other a quick peck on the lips.

“I’m sorry, Mycroft, it’s just…” the silver haired tried to come up with an explanation, but at the end he could only say “I don’t know”

The other man nodded. He got it. He knew that Gregory had been falling in love with him and had been ready to surrender before the whole Reichenbach situation. When it came over them his image of Mycroft had shattered and now he had to known him all over again, maybe this time under a more real light, but Lestrade himself wasn’t man he had been anymore. Part of him had died with Sherlock and contrary to his brother it hadn’t come back from the grave. Still, this was the man who would understand him better than the old Detective Inspector ever would had been able too; this one had gained appreciation of the darker shades of grey and let the hunter trapped inside closer to the surface… the right kind of push… and he would have a lethal predator at his side. Just like John Watson, and he suspected the unstable, William Graham were.

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“*You already had sex with him!*” Sherlock exclaimed the moment he was finally close to his older brother and his mate.

“Sherlock!” John called him back a step behind his partner.

“He did!” The detective insisted looking at the former soldier.

“*That’s not the point, Sherlock!*” The man admonished once more, shaking his head and going to give Greg a hug. “Congratulations, by the way, mate” Then he turned to Mycroft and

extended his hand to the taller man “To you too, Mycroft”

“Thank you, Doctor Watson.” He said sincerely “I think I also have to express my gratitude to you for clearing my role during the past few years to Gregory”

Truth be told, Watson was still mad at the British Government, over the way he had managed his lover’s fake death, but he knew that Lestrade really wanted and was almost head over heels with him. Even if Greg believed the man to be a complete son of a bitch, which he kind of was, so he had felt like a bastard keeping them away over a huge misunderstanding and lack of proper communication. And particularly since Sherlock had walked back into their lives and explained everything to him and told that he was the one who had forbidden Mycroft to tell anyone about his living and breathing status.

“You are welcome” He the blond replied softly moving aside to let Hannibal greet his brother and introduce his lover.

Hannibal was actually glad to see his younger brother again. Even if he travelled more often than Sherlock to see him, who had never once gone to the States before, it had passed too long since his last visit.

“You look good, Mycroft.” He said simply giving the man a short hug. It was obvious that the red head had kept a proper diet unlike the runt.

“Thank you, Hannibal.” He said with a courteous nod before turning immediately to his chosen one “Let me introduce you to Gregory Lestrade.” There was no need for the Detective Inspector to know that the blond was perfectly aware of who he was “Gregory he is my older brother, Hannibal”

“A pleasure meeting you, mister Lestrade” Lecter greeted stretching out his hand to the other man.

“Likewise. And please, call me Greg, everyone but *him* –he said pointing at his lover- call me that.”

It was Hannibal’s turn to introduce his mate, and he did it by putting his arm around William’s waist and gently guiding him to the front from when he had all but tried to hide beside Sherlock.

“Mycroft, Greg, he is my partner William Graham” then he turned to the profiler “William, they are my brother Mycroft and Greg Lestrade”

“Hi” The brunette greeted, offering his hand to the men in front of them and absolutely lost about what to say to them.

Once again, he could tell that the red headed man was related to Sherlock and Hannibal by the silence he projected. The other one was different. He was projecting a whole myriad of

emotions but none of them were really negative the one called Greg was good man. Still, he somehow had the same anger he had read on John before and he had come to associate with Sherlock's death. Someday he would have to actually ask Hannibal about it.

A man had come out of the car to help the men with their luggage and soon they were all settled inside the small limousine. *Leave it to Mycroft to go over the top*, Sherlock thought to himself while nuzzling John's neck. The blond turned around and kissed him on the lips, before telling him to be quiet until they got home.

That showed some promise, the brunette decided, and let his head rest on the strong shoulder of his partner while his hand got surreptitiously under Watson's shirt and caressed his back in a slow, sensual motion. In his case, it paid being a tease… and he also delivered.

William sat down close to Hannibal, who had let him take the window. He brunette still couldn't believe he had been talked into leaving everything behind and follow a couple of people he had recently got acquainted with and his lover to another country, in a whole different continent! Yet, he couldn't find in himself to care.

But, what would he do here? He could live off his savings for a little while, since pounds were more expensive than dollars –and he hadn't that much to begin with- but what after that? He didn't think that anyone would jump at the chance of employing a former FBI profiler who wasn't exactly mentally stable.

Hannibal had told him that he would set up some meetings with people that would love to offer him a job, but even if the blond tried his best to help Will to his feet, maybe it wouldn't be enough. He didn't even get a recommendation letter to show. Not that he would have asked one to Jack.

"They would be really glad to employ you at the Service, mister Graham" A voice at his front told him suddenly. "Someone with your talent could be really helpful to them"

He looked at the man with uncertainty and awe. So, John had been right about this other Holmes. Then he turned to his lover, his gaze showing his doubts. Would he really be able to endure Secret Service training and the work it usually dealt with?

Hannibal just caressed his back in a supportive way, he could tell it that the psychiatrist was in favor of the proposal but he was also letting him made the call. So he turned back to the red headed man.

"There is no hurry for you to make a decision. I could arrange for you to meet with some people who could explain what would be asked of you without obligation, of course" The other one kept on.

He could work with that, he decided, and nodded in agreement.

Hannibal mouthed a “thank you, Mycroft” over William’s head. And then turned back to whisper into his mate’s ear.

“Shelock” The British Government called to his brother “Your flat will be our first stop, so if you could kindly stop molesting doctor Watson now…”

The brunette looked at older one clearly bothered, but did as was told. He knew that John would be uncomfortable if had to step down of the car with a raging hard on. And even if sometimes he liked the results he had the nagging suspicion that today wouldn’t be one of those.

“Also, Doctor Watson, I hope you and my brother come tomorrow night for dinner” He said kindly and turning to the other couple he added “as well as you and mister Graham, of course.”

“Please call me Will” He got the courage to say at least.

“Of course, William”

The profiler smiled at that and resigned himself to be called by his given name. Another family trait it seemed. At least he had dropped the “mister”. He wondered why the man kept calling John by his title, but he didn’t feel it was the right time to ask.

The former soldier nodded to the British Government, not trusting his voice, considering the state his lover had put him into. And a moment later they were at Baker Street. He said his good bye, took his bags and half dragged Sherlock inside the house much to everyone smirk.

He would give the brat a good spanking right after they closed the door, he decided. And Sherlock would better beg for forgiveness if he ever wanted to take him again. The thought made him smile unconsciously. He wouldn’t do it for The Woman, *but he had done it for me*… Soon after they became a couple, the younger Holmes had found out that even if John liked to bottom he was no sub, and his detective had quickly learnt that he was more than capable to give him a lesson and some physical discipline when needed by. It had only happened once or twice before, and the detective certainly seemed to have loved it. Yet, John could tell that Sherlock certainly wasn't a masochist or a submissive, it was more of a reassuring thing for him -the evidence that Watson still cared- and preferable to him going for a walk or down to the pub... with the risk he wouldn't return. He had said something akin to it once and John hadn't forgotten ever since. Still, they didn't do it often and the former soldier knew that the chances of him being able to tan the tempting backside with his open palm would be even slimmer once they were finally okay.

Once Mycroft, Greg, Hannibal and Will were alone again and in route to their next stop, the first one told to his older brother and his mate that had decided to give them one of his city houses, since the red headed was sure they would prefer to have some privacy. Also, Mycroft told to the psychiatrist, he had made sure that his kitchen was fully loaded and had contacted his all natural providers to deliver enough meat and ingredients to last a few couple of weeks.

Hannibal smiled satisfied while Graham looked at him surprised.

He informed the men that their things would be arriving in a couple of days, at the most. And he added “I would be very much obliged if you keep your dogs in the backyards, William”. Of, course he had made sure they would have everything they needed out there including several weather proof, comfortable dog houses.

That surprised the profiler, but nodded nonetheless. Still, his mind was somewhere else entirely, trying to keep up with the quick paced changes that his life had experienced from the moment he punched Jack and quit the FBI. It was so much to take at once...
Suddenly Hannibal hugged him by the waist, providing an anchor to reality, effectively preventing him from going into another dissociation episode. He was safe in those powerful arms, he knew, and finally relaxed against the strong body of the one he already loved.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not ready to leave them alone just yet, I'd like to show more of them together. But for now... this is the end. I hope you have enjoyed the journey... as I always said, I'll be happy to hear from you.
Also there is a bit of editing and taking care of mistakes and Word's autocorrection, I'll be doing that during the next few days.

End Notes

Feedback is always welcomed and greatly appreciated. I love to know what the reader thought of the story.

DISCLAIMER: The characters belong to A.C.Doyle and Thomas Harris. Also, their present encarnation belong to BBC and NBC. The story however is mine.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!